Daily Eagle

WHICH IS THE BEST!

Which is the best?

When flowers close not and the heart knows Of a sad refrain, nor wounds, nor pain, Or to pass it denying though tears come there-after.

To take of our measure—of promise and peril— The tuneful chime of a lover's rhyme, With the jangling song of a syren throng, Or to mean some and norrow hoplessly sterile!

Which is the best?
To search for each singing by glow and the Of peaceful skies ere the swift light flies Afar from the noon, that passoth too soon, Or to grope in the nightfull realiss, undreaming!

To rest in the shadeways, where no one will name us,
As soft winds blow, silent and slow,
And the swift streams rift to the songhird's trill,
Or to toil in the sunways, glorified, famous?

Which is the best?

Receive with the laughter the tears that come after; From pleasure or peril take promise though

Wakeful or dreaming, search for each gleaming, Hopeful believing, trustful receiving, Tolling or famous, all fate may name us.

Choosing, refusing no pain nor rest, Aye, this is the best! —Harriet Maxwell Converse in Home Journal,

THE POTTER'S SECRET.

the city of Liusannum in Arvernie had not the calm and modest aspect of Lezoux, the little town which is the chief place of the canten of Auvergne, located upon the same site. Liusannum was a vast industrial town, an important center, where the manufacture of pottery occupied a multitude of workmen and enriched numerous families, proud to sign their names to the works assuing from their

Since the Roman occupation, many veritable artists in designing, coming from all countries, and established the mulves about the old Gallie potteries in this region, where the finest ceramic earth was found in abundance. A great number came from Rome loved you. and the other cities of the peninsula; many were from Greece, Illyria, Phoenicia, and even Judea. Their names, preserved upon the fragments of their vases, clearly indicate their origin. Ellenns, Asiaticus, Particus, others viod in imagination to create these decorative subjects, these wreaths and ormsments which stand in relief upon the graceresisted allke the action of humidity and of

Linsannum then, about the year 200 of our cosmopolitan population offered to the view All dialects, all accents, all races mingled upon the public squares, in the shadow of the temples and under their particles, though the Latin element was dominant. Through their alliances with the principal Gaille families, the conquerors had succeeded. little by little, in spreading their customs and their

Some rare children of the soil, pure from all contact with Rome, full of hatren for the invader, nursing still in their hearts a vague hope of enfrauchisement, remained fuithful to the creed and the manner of their ancestors. Among these were distinguished, from draid Diorix, the same who encouraged the son of Celtill to resist Cosur. This mimerous family, thanks to its pride, its virtues, and, persage, to its wealth, had finally achieved the respect of the conquerors themselves; and, notwithstanding their declared attitude against the Roman influence and their refusal of the highest dignities, the pro-practors of Augusto-Nemetum had always protected them against the zeal of their lie One must know how to wait," raid one of these able administrators; "time and persuasien will finally conquer their despair." diminished the number of representatives of this epulent family. Since the time when the brothers and nephews of the archdraid fell in combut near Vereingetorix, its sons had fought convageously against the proconsuls of Rome, but, little by little, their anger had calmed as their hope vanished, and for a long time they had contented themselves with the direction of the most celeproduced, with the aid of true artists, works which were known and sought for through-

The products of their immense establishment were distinguished by the purity and harmony of their lines, by the elegance of quiet designs wherein the human figure was rarely represented, and, above all, by a rose colored or greenish gluze of a vitreous and brilliant luster, the secret of which they alone

The Gallo-Roman, Phosnician and Greek potters, their rivals, also made, with rare talent, the same utensils, with glazing uniformly pink, unalterable, decorated with various subjects inspired by the Greeign mythology; but they could not equal the finish, the transparency, the luster of the works signed "Diorix," because, in spite of all their efforts, they had been unable to discover the secret of the incomparable glazing. This secret was revealed to the eldest son of the family, who made the mixtures himself, and who, through a spirit of patriotism rather than through interest, guarded it

sacredly in spite of the most tempting offers. The father of the last of the Diorix had said to him on his death bed: "I leave you the secret of our fathers engraved upon these tablets. Presurve it preciously. It is the only means left to us of resisting our conquerors. You are very young, but you will remember the prediction of our nucestor, the archiruid, who said: 'When the stranger knows our secret destruction, ruin and annibilation will hang over our heads."

heard the last wishes of his father, and having sworn to him to respect them, remained the sole heir of the immense riches and sole possole heir of the tunnelse re-sessor of the secret of his family.

summer. Upon the summit of the hillock in the neighborhood of Liusannum, near the verge of a superb forest, a young man and a young girl were sented. The young man, with his long yellow hair, his blue eyes and fresh complexion, was a perfect type of those fierce Gauls who, in olden times, had made Greece and Rome tremble. The saugum of folds, govered with the stelle of the same set eves upon them. Brunette without color, her black hair fastened with a pink coral pin, marvel to ambling, custy finished her perfect profile. She was "You are

in the trembling shadow of the foliage, it life and my happiness?" was apparent that one sentiment animated this loving couple. They gazed long and

looks wandered over the vast panerama which unrolled itself at their feet, between the gigantic oaks and great white beeches whose branches interlaced above their heads. Before them, not far from the forest, the outlying potteries showed their red roofs scattered over the plain. Then the city, with its pediments, colounades and temples, formed forgot everything, and said: an imposing mass, and the sound of its bustle.

abuted toward evening, faintly reached the hillock. Beyond stretched the immense plain, covered with trees from among which emerged here and there, hillocks crowned with grand monuments. In the distance, Augusto-Nemetum, eight Roman miles away, was hardly visible through the mist; but above, the undulating line of the mountains, clear and intensely blue, bordered the horizon and stood boldly out against the sky, infiamed by the fires of the declining sun. In the center, upon the highest cone, a slight prominence indicated the place of the celebrated Temple of Mercury Dumiatus, and, at one side, a shining point revealed the presence of the gigantic statue, the marvelous work of Zenodurus.

This oft contemplated spectacle appeared to absorb the attention of the two silent lovers. The young Arverne was Xobert, last scion of the Diorix. The young girl was named Lydia. Her father, Balbuo, who came from Rome in early youth, was one of the wealthiest potters of Liusannum. His sumptuous house was adjacent to the estab-lishment of Diorix, but no intimacy, no tie had ever united the two families. Had Xobert, then, since the death of his father, forgotten the proud dignity of his aucestors How could be humble himself before one of the abhorred race of the conquerors?

When Xobert first found himself alone at the head of his flourishing industry, Lydia, almost a child, had not yet attracted his notice, but in less than a year the child was transformed into a woman, and her sovereign beauty expanded suddenly. Xobert occasionally saw her, and became madly en-amorei of her. Long did he struggle against a passion which in his eyes was criminal, long did be reflect upon the example of his a son by his rich neighbor, solitude no longer ancestors, which was the rule for his conduct, but he was conquered by Lydia's grace, charm and beauty.

One day, finding her alone, he tremblingly told his love, and she fled from him. But shortly afterward either the young girl felt Toward the middle of the Third century, the same attraction toward him, or, perhaps, her father foresaw in a possible union a way of enlarging his fortune and influence, and, above all, a means of finally obtaining a knowledge of the envird secret of Diorix, for she no longer took fright at the tender and passionate words of Xobert. She listened: she responded; and often they found then:lost in the splendors of the horizon emblazoned by the sun.

All at once Xobert left his contemplation, and, turning to Lydia, took her hand, and

"It is now more than a year that I have It is long since you told me that your heart belonged to me, yet my mouth has not touched your cannid brow, my lips have not even grazed the hem of your virginal robe. O, Lydia! is your father mexorable! When shall I see the thrice happy day of our Lydia, without withdrawing her hand, re-

"When I revealed to my father my sentiments towards you, he became violently angry. He suppliented me to have no faith in the promises of one of the mestardent encconsolate, he was troubled by my tears and sique, sparkle near the two handled bowls , because I am more dear to him than my brothers and sixture. I seized the moment autumn sun flashes across this mass of vesto combat his projudice against you. For some time now he has seemed to be on the colonnades of pink marble, and throws a ray point of yielding to my prayers. Only yes upon the smiling mouth of the bro-terday, he admitted to me that he would be cury upright upon a tripod of gold. willing to have you enter his family if he could be convinced of your disinterestedness. 'Are you certain,' said be, 'of the loyalty distance or setta, put it to his lips, and passed it distance our race, and who keeps for him-self alone a secret useful to all? When he from hand to hand around the table of this silver tongued young Gaul, of this proud Arverne whose ancestors have always shall have given some conclusive proof of his feast soon was at its height. love, then, and then only, will figladly open A slight uneasiness at times, however, mod-

any danger menaces you, I will joyfully con-front death itself." the men of the north, who had invaded Gaul under command of Chrock, their king. The

never consent to our union. He invents at able that they would descend toward the pleasure obstacles to retard our happiness, south by the country of the Allobroges, This

mated to her that he would consent to her Arverne took the cup, half emptied it, and

means of overcoming his resistance. All was broken upon the mosaic pavement. your manufactory. My father has often ex-pressed before me his envy of your secret. If and the feast was ended to the sound of the you love me, ought I not to know all your tibis and the Phrygian flute. thoughts? Reveal to me this impenetrable secret. I can then say to my father: 'I love ing to the rites and customs of Arvernie,

Xobert's face grew dark. A slight doubt traversed his mind. But Lydia stood before him so earnest, her face expressed so much ing forest. They exchanged soft words and loyalty and frankness, that he promptly rejected all suspicion. And then, he knew she was ignorant of his cath and the sinister preof the last words of Diorix, he replied:

wealth, my goods, my very blood, but do not ask me to reveal this secret." You do not love me then above every-

"Lydia. I love you more than all the world. but you ask me the one thing that I cannot

confide to you." "So, you refuse me the sole means of placating my father. You will not respond to The sun was disappearing below the horizon. my request?"

The shades of the forest had a serene, almost

hung his head in radness. "You do not love me; you have never loved the blue mountains. Suddenly a somber and me," murmured Lydia, who could not comprehend this refusal; and great tears rolled down her cheeks. Then, rising suddenly scharate. Goodby, goodby forever!" And, saw some light clouds of smoke forming over

in the sindows of the forest. In acting thus, the young girl was sincered Deeply in love, she could not comprehend the obstinate resistance of Xobert. She was hurt; she suffered profoundly, for she well knew that Balbuo would never consent to their union unless some great inducement

were offered him. Xobert stood for a moment as if deprived It was a five evering toward the end of the of his senses. Soon, however, lifting his head and finding himself alone, he compre bended all the violence of his love. Instantly he precipated himself upon the path of the young girl, calling to her in a heartrending "Lydia! Lydia!" As he came within sight of her she slackened her pace, and, run ning to her, he folded her in his arms. Do you know what you ask of me, Lydial

rich stuff, the collar from which hung a large You would make me break a solemn eath. I carbuncle, the bracelets of fine gold, all his swore to my dying father never to betray to costuma proved him a rich and powerful Arverse. The young girl was benetiful, with written upon ivery tablets which I carry in her white robe falling in straight nerrow my boson, so that, while I live, no one may

"I was ignorant of that," said Lydia,

"You are also ignorant that my ancesto cortainly one of the prettiest girls of the bas predicted our ruin and annihilation if Reman colony. Watching the two sented on a bank of mose rivals. Would you then conspire against my

"Heaven is my witness," replied Lydia, "that all that was unknown to me. Guard silently into each other's eyes; then their well your issecret, since its betrayal would lead to your ruin. We will seek some other means of persuading my father, for I will not be the cause of woe to you. I should die of despuir if, through my fault, a single hair feil from your head. And she fixed upon him

her eyes brimming with tears. Xobert had never seen her so beautiful, never was his passion so uncontrollable. He

would satisfy all your caprices, were the thunder of Tarann to fail on my head. I have entire confidence in you. Will you not soon be my wife! Ought you not to read my soul like myself! Take then these tablets whereon is written the secret of the Diorix. I know that in your hands they will be as safe as in my own."

"No, I cannot have you perjure yourself, not even to prove to me your love."
"Is it to be perjured to have with one's ife but one thought, one sentiment?"
"I supplicate you, keep these tablets sawife but one the

"No, take them. Our happiness exacts it." And, placing them in Lydia's hands, he turned swiftly and strode away. The girl called him in vain. Then she ran after him, but he had disappeared in the shadow of the night which commenced to veil the hills of Liusannum.

A month has hardly passed and all is ready in the mansion of Balbuo for the celebration of the betrothal of the daughter of the potter and the last of the Diorix.

In effect, Lydia was quickly reassured in seeing that no obstacle could further retard her happiness. She hastened to announce her victory to her father. She showed him the precious tablets, but refused to allow to touch them, because, as she laughingly said, they were the property of her husband. Balbuo did not insist, telling himself that from the moment that his daughter had the tablets of the Diorix in her hands the secret could not long remain unknown.

On his side, Xobert, dominated by his love, had easily stifled his remorse. Welcomed as of Balbuo a new family. Happy, he said that his race had given emperors to the Roman world and there were no longer oppressors nor oppressed.

The day has come for the betrothal ban-quet. The factory of Balbuo holds festival. The workmen and the slaves have quitted the shops and the furnaces. Assembled in the vast courts beneath the venerable oaks, some drink the wine of the country, others sing and dance upon the green.

In the spacious hall, with its marble walls and mosaic pavement, a circular table is surselves alone under the protecting shades of the forest where our tale has found them, of them wear the toga of white wool, bordered with purple; others are covered with the Greek pallium embroidered with gold, Some Arvernes still preserve their national Among them Xobert is distin guished by the brilliancy of his garments and the richness of his bracelets and collars. The women wear the peplum or the stole, secured at the shoulder by clasps of gold. Among them Lydia is remarkable for the simplicity of her robe of woven wool, fastened at one shoulder by a simple clasp, after the manner of the Gauls. The delicate attention has not

escaped Xobert's notice. The table is pompously served. The meats smoke in silver dishes, by the side of rese hued vases ornamented with figures, containing multicolored apples and ruddy bunches of grapes. The flagons of iridescent glass, the amphoras, filled with Falernian and Maswhich contain the fermented liquors. upon the smiling mouth of the bronze Me

Meanwhile the father of the family, to do honor to his future son-in-law, filled, following the custom of the Gauls, a large cup with

to him the doors of my dwelling."

"lind what proof of my love can I give! If was when they spoke of the rapid march of "May it please the gods that destiny shall hast couriers had reported them as moving never give you the occasion to thus prove toward Lyons. Might they not then invade the country of the Bituriges, and even venture "I see well, Lydia, that your father will as far as Arvernier But it was thought probcounting upon time to rid him of me. Let us last opinion, more reassuring, obtained gen-fly together. Let us go and live alone together eral assent, and the repast went on joyously.

in the vast forests; there we shall be happy and free."

As the feast was about to terminate Lydia, pale with emotion, approached Xobert, a "Never; never! My father would die of cup in her hand. She presented it to him. saying: "You are my husband and my marter, sembering that Balbuo had inti- and I am your faithful servant." The yo nurringe if the son of Diorix would confide returned it to Lydia. The girl carried it to his secret to her, the added: returned it to Lydia. The girl carried it to her lips, but she trembled so that she let it "Listen, Xobert; I have perhaps found the fall, and the cup, with its beautiful reseglaze, your rivals are jenious of the products of Many of the guests considered this incident

Xobert and Lydia were betrothed accordhim, and I have reason to love him, for he Their marriage was to be celebrated a has given me a convincing proof of his days later, following the prescriptions of the

The day following this joyous feast, the two lovers walked together in the neighbor tender looks, and formed a thousand projects, Meanwhile, the watchers, signaling from hill to hill, had given notice of the appeardiction. But, trembling at the recollection ance, at a great distance, of some bands of The news ran through the city, "Demand of me all that I possess, my but with the carclessness of youth, the lovers realth, my goods, my very blood, but do not believed themselves sheltered from all danger,

and nothing troubled their serenity. They had arrived at the glade where they thing? You will not make your wife the had exchanged their first vows. Lydia re-confident of all your thoughts?" had exchanged their first vows. Lydia re-called that it was also the place where the power of her charms had triumphed over Xobert, and had won from him his secret. She wished to seat herself upon the mossy bank which had been witness of their pledges. "Alas! I cannot;" and the young Arverne sad aspect. The immense plain stretched ing his head in radness. itself away to the foot of the sinuous line of

night had fallen. Their gaze turned at the same moment in Since it is so, it is better that we should the direction of Augusto-Nemetum. They flying through the trees, she disappeared the city. They thought it was only autumn mist, which sometimes covered all the horizon, but the smoke became blacker and more dense, and great flames seemed to lick the foot of the mountains. Soon the central cone, where stood the temple of Mercury, appeared to be on fire, and tongues of flame shot up against the sky as if a volcano

had suddenly burst into eruption. Then only, they began to think of the warnings of the watchers, and their hands met in mutual terror. Then only, Xobert remem-

bered his cath and his perjury.
"O Lydia!" he cried, "the predictions of
the Diorix are about to be fulfilled. However, it was not betraying my promise to fide my secret to her who will be my well beloved spouse. Have you kept the precious tablets, or have you given them to your father

"I am much to be blamed," replied Lydia. "The tablets were in my chamber, where no one penetrates, locked in a coffer of which I as I think of you. Yesterday morning they had disappeared, and today I found them again in their accustomed place. Another has perhaps read the fatal secret. It is I who am the cause of the evil which menaces us. It is upon my head that the thunder of Tarann

"You divine head is dearer to me than life or glory. Do not distress yourself, you are not in the least onlyable. And see, the fire seems to abate. It is probably only dry woods burning over there on the mountains, as at the festival of the Luperca. Let us go home and dream of nothing but our hap-

And, trying to reessure her, albeit not without fear himself, he conducted his be-trothed to the house of Balbuo. Then, havorgot everything, and said:
"Sooner than lose you adorable child I revealed the presence of the ensure here."

turned to his own dwelling.

chief burred Augusto-Nemetum and the temple of Mercury Dumiatus, turned toward the plain. Having heard boasts of the wealth of Liusannum, they crossed the Allier, and, under cover of the night, surprised the sleep-

ing city.

Xobert was awakened by a great tumult.

He ascended the terrace of his house, and saw with horror the flames devouring the great city. Without delay be donned his war costume, seized his two edged ax, and hastened toward the dwelling of Balbuo. The place is already invaded by a troop of barbarians. He easily clears a passage for himself and reaches the vestibule. There he encounters a frightful spectacle. Balbuo and his sons are gory corpses. Lydia, almost nude, struggles in the midst of the soldiers, who are disputing over their prey. With uplifted ax, Xobert falls upon them. Many he stretches at his feet, the rest fly. Lydia, half dead, throws herself into his arms; he presses her to his heart. He thinks to flee with her, but he hears the ferocious cries of the conquerors, who surround the house. The light buildings of the pottery are already consumed, and the fire gains the principal edifice. There is no

eans of escape.
"I have violated my oath," cried Xobert. "The archdruid's prediction is fulfilled, but I die happy, since I die with you. O Lydia! my wife, I love you!" and for the last time his lips fervently press the lips of his be-

At this instant a cloud of smoke envelops them. Lydia utters a cry of horror, and they

disappear in the flames.

Thus were annihilated the temple of Mercury, whose ruins have since been partially ered on the summit of the Puy-de-Dome, and the town of Liusannum, with numerous and wealthy cities. Thus were forever lost, not only the secret of the Diorix, but also the process of the marvelous glazing of the Gallo-Roman potters, which is vainly sought for Such is the opinion of the wise Dr. Plicque, who has recently found upon a fragpottery the aucient name of the town of Lezoux, and whose curious memoirs upon ceramics have thrown much light upon the obscure history of Arvernie in the Third Translated for The Argonaut from the French of Gabriel Marc by T. F. Robert

A Wonderful Surgical Experiment. A miraculous surgical experiment has en performed at Buffalo by Dr. George E. Fell, professor of physiology at the University of Niagara. Dr. Fell is an en-thusiastic vivisectionist, and has made a number of experiments whereby he claims he has discovered a means of saving human life after the patient has taken poison. Several weeks ago a man named Patrick Burns, who had been on a debauch, took a large dose of morphia, and was given up as dead. After Burns had been unconscious for five hours, Dr. Fell was called in. It had occurred to him that if he had an artificial respiratory apparatus he would be able to bring back the patient to life. He had often applied artificial respiration to dogs and cats at college during his lectures, to show the action of their hearts and lungs. Burns was a poor patient, and the physician had very little hope of being successful. There was no pulse, and only a slight flutter around the region of the heart, which showed that it had not ceased to beat. There were a number of physicians present, and the experiment was considered a chimerical one as far as success was concerned. An incision was made in the throat, and a respiratory tube was placed in the trachea. The blood which oozed from the wound was a dark coffee color. The blood which oozed The lungs of the patient were useless, and when air was blown into them they were so stiff that they could not contract. Artificial means was used, pressure on the chest to expel the air and cause the expi-

This was kept up for fifteen minutes before any change was noticed. The blood soon became more arterial in color as it came from the wound, and the face assumed a lifelike expression. The muscles of the eyes twitched when pressed by the finger. After a time the eyes opened, and the legs and arms began to move. Water was placed to the patient's lips and he drank greedily. For two hours the artificial breathing was kept up. The tube was removed and the wound was closed with antiseptic dressing. The patient, an hour after breathing was re stored, had an attack of delirium tremens, the result of drinking. It took five men to hold him, and the wound commenced to bleed afresh. This was stopped, and when the poison passed from the system, after three days the respiration increased, and it was evident that the patient would recover. In two weeks he was able to go out and attend to his business. Dr. used a very crude apparatus which he employs in vivisection. He is now perfecting an instrument which can be used described. The discovery is a valuable one, and will be of great use to the scientific world .- Demorest's Monthly.

Privacy in Telegraph Messages.

I never like to send a telegraph message containing important matter, points on a market, or orders to buy or sell, other than in cipher. The telegraph companies take every means to secure the safety and privacy of messages intrusted to them, but it is beyond their power to a great extent. Say, for instance, that I have special information and want to order an agent or advise a principal to buy or sell something. The operator knows it's an inside tip, and says, "I guess I'll go in on that." He tells another. That is the way operators get racing tips. Then there is another danger. So many people nowa-days understand telegraphy, and can stand outside of a counter and read the tick, either sending or receiving, just as well as the operator can.

I recall an amusing instance in my own experience. I went into an office in the instruments. The operator, a young man, was working vigorously at one of them, and in reply to an inquiry of mine as to calling up another station said the other wire was down and that one was working bad, and he was then trying to get the main office to order a line repairer out. other station, and their talk was very tender and sweet, concluding with arrange-ments for a meeting down town that night. At last he shut off, giving up in despair the idea of getting a line repairer. I told him I'd like to take a seat at the table, as I thought I could straighten out the difficulty, and his chin fell a foot. He blurted out something about not knowing I was an operator."-Operator in Globe

Addition to Jerusaiem

Ontside the walls of Jerusalem a new town has sprung up, a building club having been established a few years ago, un-der the operation of which 130 houses were erested in four years by the Jews, while slong the Jaffa road many country villas have been erected of late by European residents as summer abodes. The latest development of the building of new houses without Jerusalem is to be found in the enterprise which has led to much building being done on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, the summit of which is crowned with the Church of the Ascension -Homa Journal

The Confederate Constitution Mrs. Gen. T. R. R. Cobb. of Atlanta. Ga., has the original draft of the Confederate constitution as it came from the committee who drafted it. It is said that Photographer Sarony, of New York city, owns the constitution as finally adopted by the Confedenate congress.—New York ST. WICHITA KAN, all its Modern Functions.

"Mammy," the Cook, "Uncle Tom." The typical boy on a Kentucky farm was tenderly associated from infancy with the negroes of the household and the fields. His old black "mammy" became enough to stretch across it, sung over his cradle at noon and at midnight, taken him out upon the velvety grass beneath the shade of the elm trees to watch his first manly resolution of standing alone in the world and walking the vast dis-tance of some inches. Often in boyish years when flying from the house with a loud appeal from the incomprehensible code of Anglo-Saxon punishment for small misdemeanors he had run to those black arms and cried himself to sleep in the lap of African sympathy. As he grew older, alas! his first love grew faith-less, and while "mammy" was good enough in her way and sphere his wander ing affections settled humbly at the feet of another great functionary of the house-hold—the cook in the kitchen. To him her keys were as the keys to the kingdom of heaven, for his immortal soul was his immortal appetite. When he stood by the biscuit bench while she, pausing amid the varied industries that went into the supper, made him marvelous geese of dough, with farinaceous feathers and genuine coffee grains for eyes, there was to him no other artist in the world who possessed the secret of so commingling the useful with the beautiful.

The little half naked imps, too, playing

in the dirt like glossy blackbirds taking a bath of dust, were his sweetest—because, perhaps, forbidden-companions. With them he went clandestinely to the fatal duck pond in the stable lot, to learn the art of swimming on a walnut rail. them he raced up and down the lane on blooded alder stalk horses, afterward leading the exhausted coursers into stables of the same green bushes and haltering them high with a cotton string. It was one of these hatless children of original Guinea that had crept up to him as he lay asleep in the summer grass and told him where the best hidden of all nests was to be found in a far fence corner-that of the high tempered, scolding guinea hen. To them he showed his first Barlow knife; for them he blew his first home made whistle. He is their petty tyrant today; to-morrow he will be their repentant filend, dividing with them his marbles and proposing a game of hop scotch. Upon his dialect, his disposition, his whole character, is laid the ineffaceable impress of theirs, so that they pass into the final reckoning up of his life here and

in the world to come.

But Uncle Tom—the negro overseer of the place—the greatest of all the negroes -greater even than the cook, when one is not hungry. How often has he strad-dled Uncle Tom's neck, or ridden behind him afield on a barebacked horse to the ngling music of the trace chains! Uncle Tom who brings him his first young squirrel to tame, the teeth of which are soon to be planted in his right forefinger. Many a time he slips out of the house his dinner or supper in the cabin with Uncle Tem; and during long winter evenings he loves to sit before those great roaring cabin fireplaces that throw their red and yellow lights over the half circle of black faces and on the mysteries of broom making, chair bottoming and the cobbling of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears songs and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.-James Lane Allen in The Century.

A Very Pretty Fashion.

The Brondway milliners have inaugurated a very pretty fashion. It is to deck their windows with natural flowers. The rule seems to be to display only a couple of bonnets and to attract attention to them by a superb basket of cut roses or whatever other flower happens to be the star for the day. Nothing could be finer than one of these windows thus arranged. idea, and it is certain to find general acceptance. Indeed I have noticed that some other shops beside the milliners have commenced to adopt the practice, and I suppose we shall soon have it carried to usual extreme that will rob it of all charm. It will be a flattering tribute to the inventor, but a pity for the invention.

—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

A recent observer of sunflowers attributes their anti-malarial action to their absorption of water from the soil, as well as to their accredited properties of absorbing malarial germs, and emitting much oxygen. During June, 1885, a quarter of an acre of sunflowers exhaled in the form of vapor an average of sixty-five

gallons of water daily .- Arkansaw Trav

Employment for Prisoners. Oakum picking is doomed even in mill tary prisons. Sir E. Du Cane's last re-port on the discipline and management of these institutions is full of testimony for the more excellent plan of employing prisoners on less monotonous and more productive work. There is a military orison at Brixton, and here the governo perceives a steady amelioration in the conduct of his prisoners. He attributes this improvement in a great degree to the pursuit of industries which improve their bodlly and mental health.—London News.

A Story of Bishop Simpson.

An incident showing his gifts is related by his uncle. Late one Saturday night he arrived at a town in the mour region of Pennsylvania, where he was a total stranger. The next morning he made his way to the Methodist church and accosted the pastor, telling him he was a brother in the ministry. Simpson being extremely awkward and plain in appearance, the pastor was half inclined to omit the courtesy due a brother preach-er, of asking him to deliver a sermon. If he inquired of the bishop as to his name he must have failed to catch it, for he certainly had no idea to whom he was speaking. His request for the stranger to preach was therefore expressed in the most formal and constrained manner. The stranger readily agreed to fill the pulpit, and the pastor's chagrin was evident, as he resigned himself to his fate. The bishop preached one of his powerful sermons, and everybody in the audience rhispered to his neighbor, "Who is he? Before he had taxen no man did you say had him by the hand, "What did you say want!" "What! Not the bishop!" "That is what they Not the bishop." That is what they call me." The minister instantly sprang to his feet and shonted, "You have just had the privilege of listening to Bishop Simpson. Let us sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow."—American

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slowly crowded out of his conscience and his heart by the growing image of the true one. She had perhaps nursed him at her bosom when he was not long enough to stretch across it supported by

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